JEU D'ESPRIT.

When first the Royal Engineers,
Were order'd to the Rideau;
Of it—it plainly now appears,
They knew no more than we do.

The line was full of lakes and swamps,
Which baffl'd all their power;
They found it was as intricate,
As *Woodstock's* famous bower.

But Rosamond by means of *Clewes*,
Was reach'd in days gone past;
So, they got through, tho' puzzled long,
Being led, by *Clewes* at last.

The *Clewes* they follow'd, spun too fine,
Soon snap't—then they were stagger'd
And found themselves quite *inutile*
'Till they got thee Mactaggart.

The Colonel swore he now had made,
One of his happy *hits*,
"And steadily he would go along,"
But still, he's led by FITZ.

Some say, (a paradox to me,
For which I'm not prepar'd)
Altho' he has a royal face,
He has a *civil* BAIRD.

Another "*on dit*" is, he hates,
Yea! like the very Devil
A single word of praise bestow'd
On any *thing* that's CIVIL.

And since an Engineer *not Royal*
Has now ABRIDG'D his fame,
And *Chaudier Schaufhausen* bids
To hide its head with shame.

By a design *original*,
And every way surpassing;
Oh!! boasted *Chaudier* thy bridge,
Or rather thine *Schaufhausen*.

FROME! of all I know of him,
I think that every single BOLT-IN
This hated bridge, he'll POOLEY off,
Or try, (how'ere so nail'd-on.)

And if he's VICTOR, he'll be glad,
As we are aye, to meet YULE;
And squeeze a LEMON in his glass,
For getting such a good pull.

Now being warm as A. COLE,
His glass he'll quickly throttle-her;
And show as often heretofore,
He's not without a BOTTLER.

DIGGORY.

[183-?]a
1